

[a genesis of rhythm](#) by [tentaclemonster](#)

Series: [Kinktober 2018 \[2 \]](#)

Category: ☐☐☐☐☐ | Golden Sun Series

Genre: Begging, Bloodplay, Choking, F/F, Kidnapping, Kinktober 2018, Non-Consensual Touching, Older Woman/Younger Woman, Pre-Femslash, Restraints, Threats of Violence, Violence

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Characters: Jenna (Golden Sun), Menardi (Golden Sun)

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Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Rape/Non-Con, Underage

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Summary:

Menardi: (To Jenna) "Come here, child... Do you mean to defy me? I should teach you a lesson, child, but... Felix, I'd get your sister to obey me, if you hope to keep her from harm."

In another time and another place, Menardi teaches Jenna that lesson.

a genesis of rhythm

Author's Note:

Kinktober day 2 prompt: begging.

Set during the first Golden Sun game, post Jenna being kidnapped by Saturos and Co.

On character ages: According to the Golden Sun wikia Jenna is 17 in the game and traveling all over a continent on foot takes time, so I imagine she had a birthday on the road at some point and is 18 when this fic takes place. Menardi, on the other hand, doesn't have a canon age so I'm just going to assume she's *throws a dart at the board* in her late 20s or early 30s and leave it at that.

Fic title from Fiona Apple's "Hot Knife". Quote in the summary is from the game.

"Get your hands *off* of me!"

Jenna yells with all the pent-up rage and frustration she's been feeling for weeks now, struggling as much as she can against the painful grip of a fist in her hair as she's all but dragged away from camp.

Menardi doesn't listen. If anything, her hold on Jenna *tightens* and she pulls her along even harder. Jenna can hear Felix leaping up in her defense, protesting her treatment to Saturos behind her and Saturos lowly reassuring him that no, of course Menardi won't do her any harm. Menardi knows better than that.

Jenna, who can feel the other woman's nails digging into her scalp like five tiny little knives, isn't so sure.

The sound of their voices gets quieter as she's taken away and when they finally fade to nothing at all, Jenna finds her back slammed against a tree hard enough to bruise and Menardi's grip going from her hair to her throat faster than she can blink.

Nails like knives, Jenna thinks, feeling them scratch painfully against her skin as she struggles against Menardi's fingers, *who needs a sword when you have those?*

Menardi's red eyes blaze with her anger and she shakes Jenna like a ragdoll with enough force that Jenna genuinely does worry that the woman will cut her throat if she moves against those sharp claws the wrong way, "*What* will it take to make you behave? To not argue against *every* single thing we tell you to do? Your brother may be ensuring your safety for now but you're stupid if you think he could possibly stop us from punishing you if this brattiness continues."

Jenna spits back venomously, offended. "I am *not* stupid and I am *not* a brat."

Menardi bares her teeth in a mockery of a smile, "I beg to differ. You've done nothing but question our orders and complain since we left Vale, girl, and I warn you it grows tiresome the more I have to put *up* with it."

"We didn't leave Vale, Menardi, you *kidnapped* me from it. Me and Kraden *both*."

"Yes," Menardi drags the word out, "and yet the old man doesn't put up nearly as much of a fight, now does he? He

doesn't whine nearly so much. Maybe you should learn from his example and *behave*." She shakes Jenna again.

Jenna feels her nostrils flare out in frustration and for a moment she has the utterly foolish idea to use her psyenergy against the woman, to spit literal flames out at her and burn her pointy eared head to a *crisp*. She discards the idea almost as quickly as it came because despite what Menardi may think, Jenna *isn't* stupid.

That wouldn't end well for me, Jenna thinks, Menardi is so much stronger than I am and she's a fire adept, too. That's not a fight I can win. I'd only make her angrier than she already is.

Jenna closes her eyes in frustration and takes a breath, forces her own anger down as much as she can and tries to even out her tone, to sound reasonable, to sound calm. As much as she can, anyway. *Being calm has never been my strong suit.*

"Look, I understand you have a mission to complete and I don't mean to be difficult--"

"And yet---" Menardi interjects mockingly.

Jenna grits her teeth, ignores Menardi and continues, "--but you *must* understand that this entire situation is difficult for me. I've been taken from my home, from my friends, and my brother who I thought was *dead* is one of the people responsible for it. I've been forced to stand by and watch you villains needlessly terrorize people all over Angara. I've been forced to be a part of that, to be your *accomplice*. You can't pretend that you wouldn't be *bratty* if you were in my shoes yourself! That you wouldn't fight with everything you have to get out of them!"

"That's where you're wrong, little girl." Menardi laughs, the sound entirely devoid of humor. "First of all, I would never be in your shoes. I would never *allow* myself to be captured by anyone. I would *die* before I yielded as easily as you did to us on Mt. Alph. Secondly, what you're doing isn't *fighting*. Fighting would be putting a blade in my throat while I slept or using your psyenergy to push me into the loving arms of a monster in battle or maybe slipping some poison in my stew. You're not putting up a fight, you're putting on a *show* like a cowardly little child pretending to be brave in the hopes that the monster under her bed won't eat it. You don't know the first thing about fighting, just like the pathetic little *boys* you left to die back on that mountain."

Jenna can hear the blood rushing through her veins and her heartbeat pounding in her ears at the reminder of Isaac and Garret. She can feel all the forced calmness she'd been holding on to by a thread dissolving with less effort than it took to muster it up. In an instant she snaps and lets out a howl of pure rage and sends fire rushing from her hands right into Menardi's face.

The attack misses. Of course it does. She already knew it would.

In the next moment, Jenna finds herself thrown face down in the dirt with both arms twisted behind her back and held in the same fierce one-handed grip that held her hair and her throat earlier. She struggles against it, spitting dirt and her own hair out of her mouth, trying to buck the solid weight of another person off her back to no avail.

"Now see," Menardi hisses from above her, squeezing the sides of Jenna's body between her thighs like a vice and forcing her harder into the ground. "*that* is fighting, even if

you're about as strong as a kitten still sucking at its mother's milk."

"I hate you!" Jenna screams, writhing uselessly underneath her. "Get off of me, you *witch*! You've made your point!"

Menardi laughs, this time long and absolutely *delighted*. "Oh, I don't think I have. I think it still needs time to *sink* in"

Menardi's other hand suddenly comes around from behind to grasp Jenna by the throat. She digs her nails in again, so hard that Jenna *chokes* from it and she can feel her skin pierce open and trickles of blood slide down her neck. Menardi strangles her one-handedly and just as Jenna starts to see stars twinkling into her vision, just as she starts clawing her hands uselessly at the air from where they're pinned behind her, the grip loosens and she finds herself coughing and sputtering for much-needed breath.

"I want you to *beg* me." Menardi says, strong and loud from her perch on Jenna's back over the sounds of her gasping.

"Beg?" Jenna rasps, still taking in deep breaths as her heart races in her chest.

"Yes," Menardi's fingers start to move in caressing circles against the front of Jenna's throat, wet with the fresh blood she'd drawn while choking her. "I want you to *beg* me to let you go and if you do it *nicely* enough, I just might agree."

"And," Jenna swallows heavily, "and if I don't?"

"Well," Menardi clicks her tongue, her fingers stopping their gentle movement against Jenna's skin and her grip tightening on her throat once more. Not enough to choke this time, but still enough to feel the pressure. "then I suppose we'll see just how badly you can *still* lose this fight

and just how much you'll need to scream before that brother of yours finally comes running to your rescue. I imagine he'll be very upset when he sees you in this state and if he decides to intervene..."

Menardi lets the sentence drop off, dangerous implications rising up after it.

Jenna shuts her eyes tightly, bites her lip down hard enough to hurt and finally, defeated, says lowly, "Please--"

"Please what?" Menardi prompts, lowering her weight over Jenna's back, leaning close enough that her lips are right at Jenna's ear and Jenna can feel the woman's breath on her skin. "Be specific, like you *mean it*."

"Please," Jenna begins again, feeling the flush of humiliation burn through her body. "*please* let me go."

A beat of silence and then Menardi sighs with annoyance, leans further down to get Jenna's earlobe between her teeth and tugs it *viciously* as Jenna squeals in surprise and squirms uncomfortably between Menardi and the ground. "And?"

"Please let me go and I promise I'll be good!" Jenna rushes out. She can feel the impression of Menardi's teeth still on her ear, can feel her skin cooling as the air hits the wetness the woman's mouth left behind, can feel a bolt of panic run through her that she'd never felt in Menardi's presence before, a sense of a new sort of danger she'd only just realized she was in. "I'll--I'll listen to you and won't be so...so...*difficult* anymore! I'll try harder! I'll do whatever you want, just *get off of me*, please!"

Menardi is still and quiet for a moment and Jenna is afraid that she won't let her go at all. But then the grip Menardi

has on Jenna, front and back, loosens slowly, *so* slowly, until finally her hands finally slide like silk off of Jenna's skin entirely, leaving bruised shivering flesh in their wake.

"Now, you see?" Menardi says and Jenna can hear the smug victory in the purr of her voice. "That wasn't so hard, now was it?"